

a kindly nature. The candour and the simplicity of great scnils were Ms. He pictured vice with a rough and virtuous hand. His seeming pessimism, the sonobre humour cast over more than one of his pages, scarcely conceals his real optimism, his stubborn faith in the advance of human intelligence and knowledge. In his novels, those social studies, he pursued with vigorous hatred an idle and frivolous society, a base and baleful aristocracy; he fought against the evil of the age, — the power of money. Though a democrat, he never flattered the multitude, he strove to show it -what slavery proceeds from ignorance, -what dangers come from strong drink, which delivers it over, senseless and defenceless, to every form of oppression, every kind of wretchedness, every sort of shame. He fought against social evils wherever he met them. They were the things he hated. But in his last books he showed the whole of his love for mankind. He strove to divine, to foresee, a better social state. He desired that an ever increasing number of the human race might be called to happiness in the world. He set his hopes on the human mind, on science. He awaited from new powers of machinery the progressive enfranchisement of toiling humanity. A sincere realist, he was nevertheless an ardent idealist. In grandeur his work can only be compared to that of Tolstoi. At the two extremities of European thought the lyre has raised two vast ideal cities. Both are generous and pacific; but whereas Tolstoi's is the city of resignation, Zola's is the city of work.

" While he was still young, Zola acquired fame. In quietude and celebrity he -was enjoying the fruits of his labour when lie suddenly wrested himself from all repose, from the work which

he loved, from the peaceful pleasures of
his life. Doubtless, In
presence of a coffin only grave and serene
words should be spoken,
calmness and harmony should be
preserved. But you are aware,
gentlemen, that calmness is found only
in justice, that repose
is found only in truth. I speak not of
philosophical truth,
the subject of our endless discussions,
but of that moral truth
which we can all detect because it is
relative, sensible, in con-